

Sunday Advertiser

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LOCAL OPTION.

The appeal of the temperance people for a local option law is reasonable and quite in line with the American idea of rational treatment of the liquor question. With such a law on the statute books of Hawaii the residents of given districts could determine by their votes whether they wanted saloons or not. If so they could have them; if not, the saloons must keep out.

This is a fair proposition, not in the slightest degree fanatical. In years past it was hard to deal with the temperance folk because they were given over to the delusion that the sale and use of liquor could be stopped by law. We hear little of that now. Two or three years ago they were in a mood to compromise on the Dispensary; now they are ready for local option. It is a hopeful sign indeed when temperance agitators treat the liquor question broadly.

While local option is not all that is desired, for some change in the license system seems necessary, it represents a common American procedure and if it is all the temperance party calls for, surely the Legislature ought to grant it.

CITY PRISON VULTURES.

In his announced intention to prevent soliciting by and in behalf of attorneys among the unfortunates confined in the City Prison, High Sheriff Henry has taken a long step toward the betterment of conditions in the Police Department. The suppression of the "shyster"—by which inelegant term the vultures who prey upon the unfortunates in prison have come to be known—is in line with the best thought of the day in the matter of prison reform. The prisoner, the petty police prisoner, needs more than protection from his own weakness. He needs protection also from the evil impulses of men who are more vicious than he is because they are shrewd enough to keep out of jail themselves, while possessing the cunning to prey upon the weaknesses that have landed him there.

Of course there is nothing in all this to reflect upon reputable members of the bar, nor is there any desire upon the part of the High Sheriff to keep a prisoner from employing any attorney whom he sees fit. But, in Honolulu as on the mainland, there has grown up among a class of practitioners a habit of soliciting business among prisoners arrested for minor offenses—a habit that is not less pernicious because the soliciting may be done by a policeman working presumably on commission.

The prisoner arrested for a petty offense is not, as a rule, over flush of funds, nor is the lawyer who solicits business bound by any hard and fast schedule of price for his services. He merely finds out how much the prisoner has on deposit with the property clerk—and takes that. This he divides with his solicitor who, on his part and in the interest of the business, is naturally inclined to be somewhat over-zealous in the matter of making arrests. The more prisoners, the more clients in prospective.

The evil may not, as yet, have reached its worst stage in Honolulu. It is probable, indeed, that it has not. But it is an evil that grows fast, as anyone at all familiar with police conditions in the large mainland cities knows, and High Sheriff Henry is wise in taking his measure of suppression early. Even the man who breaks the law is entitled to a fair deal.

HUMAN COLOR.

The question "Were our ancestors negroes?" has been raised by the discovery of prehistoric skulls in France, all of which have negroid characteristics. Such evidence, however, is a slight basis for so general an hypothesis; for prehistoric skulls in other places show no such marks and the skulls found in France may easily have been those of Gallic captives such as the ancient peoples commonly brought from Africa. It is significant of this origin that the negroid skulls were found on the Mediterranean coast.

The curious theory has also been advanced, that all men were originally brown and that the white skin is an inheritance from leprosy. No evidence of this exists and it is a far less tenable theory than that the racial coloring which now divides men into five races is the result of climate, food and environment.

The pigments of the skin respond readily to sunshine and are as directly affected by the lack of it. They are also affected by food and drink. One who uses tea steadily for a lifetime becomes sallow and what is more natural than that people like the Chinese, who have saturated themselves with tea for thousands of years, should have become permanently yellow? White men living in the tropics tan very dark; a phenomenon of which there are some noteworthy examples in Hawaii. May it not be that men exposed for countless generations to the equatorial sun may have taken on its burnished livery? Per contra, most of the races which have been reared in northern latitudes, are very fair of complexion. The exceptions are nomads whose migration there is of comparatively recent date.

NEEDED CITY IMPROVEMENTS.

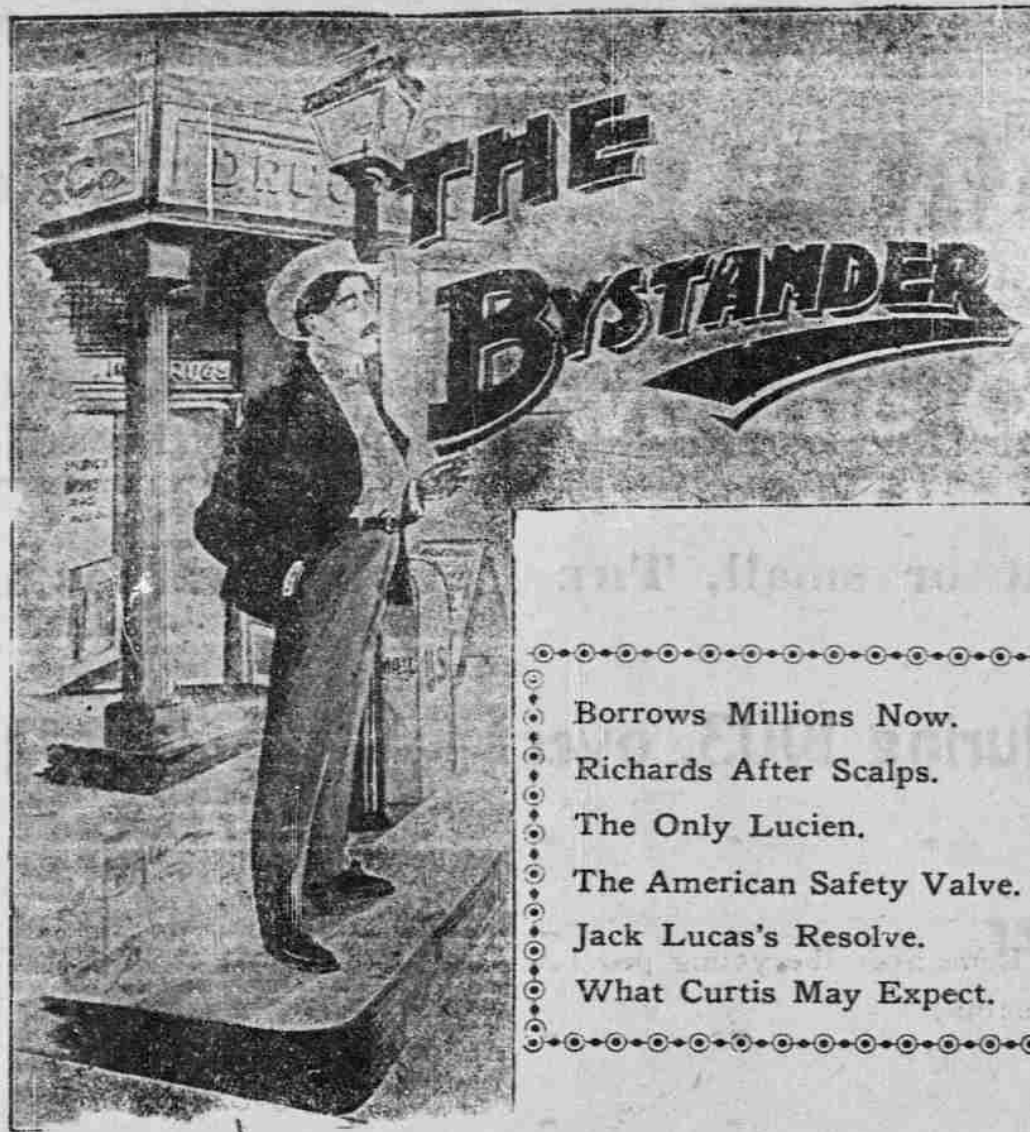
While city real estate is depressed, with portions of the older residence sections on the lower levels unlikely ever again—as residence property—to command former valuations, would be a good time for the Government quietly to obtain options on properties lying where new streets ought to be opened. When old Honolulu was building up, the inhabitants would seem not to have foreseen any lateral growth from the two great thoroughfares—King street, connecting at both ends with the road intersecting the island in one direction, and Nuuanu street, leading from the harbor front across the island in another direction. Straggling houses and many kuleanas happening in the rear were given access to by narrow rights of way, more often crooked than straight. Indeed, for corkscrew alleys, Honolulu has certainly held the palm among modern towns. Only at long intervals upon the main arteries of travel mentioned did roadways wide enough for vehicles lead off transversely. But the city persisted in growing and perforce there was an evolution of streets out of those rough cross roads. It is only in recent years that the expansion of the city has been accompanied by a more or less intelligent laying out of normally sized city blocks, with generously wide streets between them. Perhaps the only fault that can be found with this later development of the city plot is on account of carrying the principal cross streets straight up Punchbowl hill. A system of diagonal boulevards avoiding steep gradients would have formed a better scheme both in beauty and utility. It may not be too late even now to introduce something of the kind. Property owners might unite in having sections relaid out without very great sacrifice.

What was set out to be said, however, is that there are some interminably long blocks of residence properties which need to be broken up with new streets. There are several on King, Beretania and Nuuanu streets, the wearisome extent of which is emphasized by the necessity the Rapid Transit Co. has found to erect station signs on the trolley poles, the distance between street corners being so great. Some day the business part of Honolulu will reach out to embrace those tenuous blocks and then the work now suggested will of necessity, at all costs have to be performed. It is just then, when commercial Honolulu needs the ground, that the land will rise in value, perhaps much higher than it ever stood as residence property. Therefore it would seem the part of economical sagacity to undertake the improvement now. It ought to be worth a special public loan to have accomplished. Posterity would assuredly be glad to pay the tag end of the bill, as it would be saved much by having the finished improvement for its heritage.

NEEDED PUBLIC CONVENIENCE.

A considerable public demand has been some time audible for a sheltering station at the Alexander street junction of the Rapid Transit lines, no less than four of which exchange passengers at that point. Not infrequently there is a failure of cars to connect at the junction, which results in passengers having to wait all the way from ten to twenty-five minutes according to destination. In the rainy season especially the experience of people so having to wait is one of great discomfort. A commodious and shapely pavilion need not cost more than two hundred dollars, and it might have a stand for the sale of newspapers, chewing gum, cold drinks, etc., with exclusive privilege to the tenant, which would repay all the expense in rental. As the ancients said, "A word to the wise is sufficient."

While the Sai Yen was an old vessel, captured from the Chinese ten years ago, her loss weakens Togo's blockade by a good enough ship to watch for Port Arthur smugglers. It also shows the continued efficiency of the floating mine. The deadliest work of the naval war has been done by mines and they promise to be heard from again and often when the Baltic fleet heaves in sight.



Borrows Millions Now.
Richards After Scalps.
The Only Lucien.
The American Safety Valve.
Jack Lucas's Resolve.
What Curtis May Expect.

The appearance of Our Jack in the realm of high finance shows how easy is the transition from a deal for \$10 and one for a million. Here is matter for a Sunday School book. Jack, like the rest of us, began humbly, negotiating a \$10 loan now and then when the grass was short and cultivating a delicacy of touch which stands him in good stead among the kings of Wall Street. The example is one not to be lost upon aspiring Hawaiian youth. By making a little loan here and another there, as all of us do at times, some day we may be able to drop in on J. Pierpont Morgan and say "Howdy, Pier! Can you let me have a million until Saturday?" Or we may say to the Secretary of the Treasury: "Come on, old boy. Let's figure on a Territorial loan. What can I have it for?" Let all my young readers remember also that, only a year or so ago, Our Jack was preaching in a church to the young men of Kona and advising them not to drink. On that occasion he is said to have borrowed \$5 to buy up the visible supply of okolehao and destroy it. Now look at him, hobnobbing with the fellows who lend money to Governments and refund national debts, borrowing a million with a simple turn of the wrist. Try to be like Jack, dear boys, and some day you may succeed like him.

Theodore Richards of The Friend got after the Government the other day in an editorial tone and manner which suggested a warpath foray by a stuttering Indian with the St. Vitus' dance. After jerking sentences apart and throwing them by the handful at the Government Theodore solemnly adjured it to remember that "there was a man and his name was EDMONDS." Fame was once described as getting your name spelled wrong in the death list. Who is Edmonds? There used to be a Judge Edmonds in the Senate; and there was a little fellow around here for a while who went by the name of Edmonds and undertook to tax Japanese fishermen for using the public docks or slips. Perhaps he is the man Theodore has in mind. But the Government is not likely to forget him in any event, for Edmonds was surely a hummer.

I wonder if Lucien Young is likely to turn up here again with his gunboat, the Bennington. He is a commander now, I think, and is due to be an admiral in about eleven years. Lucien is probably the best-remembered naval officer who was ever in Honolulu, one whom you praise or cuss according to your '93 politics if you have any. His book on the Overthrow, even in its expurgated edition, was calculated to make the old Royalists 103 degrees hot in the shade. Lucien didn't dare publish it during Cleveland's term of office but it came out afterward. Somebody who didn't like the book survived in the Navy Department under McKinley and made up his mind to keep Lucien—who had once received the thanks of Congress and a sword from the Kentucky Legislature for unexampled acts of bravery—out of the Spanish war. So after the fighting was begun Lucien was ordered to a wooden ship off the western coast of Central America. Racking his brains how to get back he hit upon a case of appendicitis and was at once ordered home. As soon as he thought wise to get better, he was ordered to the old lake cruiser Michigan with headquarters at Milwaukee. The latter circumstance was the only one that relieved the Kentucky seafarer's pain. A few weeks later Lucien managed, with the aid of the Kentucky Senators, to get into the Cuban trouble as skipper of the little gunboat Hist. Then he was in his element. He sailed up and down the Cuban coast firing at it wherever it ran out a cape or fell back into a bayou. He fired at the canebrake, the flying-fish, at the latitude and at the wide-wide world and if nobody was looking he ran up to some port and engaged the forts. It was like going for the walls of Jericho with a tin whistle, that fort business. In one way or another Lucien got six or seven shotholes through the Hist and returned to the blockade full of pride of life and mountain dew.

Love of bright costumes, the mummery of courts and of noble and royal titles is bred in the bone of all descendants of European races. Even the rugged Boers in office wore stars and sashes. So doubtful were the fathers of the American republic of the stern democracy of the people that they forbade them, in the terms of the organic law, to confer titles of nobility. Still there had to be a safety valve and masonry, already extant in America, began to supply it. Plain John Smith could become a Sir Knight and with the growth of things he got so he could be called—and with a straight face, too—a King of Jerusalem or an Imperial Potentate. Then other secret societies cropped up, especially in the rural districts, with titles that would have made Solomon sick with envy. Majestic Chief Ruler, Royal Covenantor, Lord High Protector, Grand Ruling Sovereign, were some of them. On the whole these societies have been a help to the republic. In the old days a man might have started a revolution so as to get into the nobility; but now, for the payment of a small initiation fee, he may wrap himself in purple and fine linen, wear a crown and carry a scepter and preside over a lodge of lesser aristocracy. If his tastes are military, lo and behold! there is the "uniform rank" to welcome him, in which a man who couldn't tell a stack of arms from a stack of hay may dress like a Lieutenant General of the old French monarchy and yet needn't risk his life a cent's worth. How much better it is for the republic that so cheap and easy a way exists to satisfy those glittering tastes which, in less-favored lands, have been known to cause bloodshed!

Jack Lucas says that he has no taste for public life since his meteoric flight across the political sky as a Supervisor; and if he can get his \$25 back he will call the whole thing square. Jack, it seems, paid \$25 for the nomination—the usual legal fee—and served only a fortnight or so, not having time enough to draw a salary. There was a heap of work and worry and then a collapse of the county at the close. The whole thing so disgusted Jack with politics that he could barely refrain, when he made speeches to the politicians in the last campaign from beginning his remarks with the phrase "You — fools. I was one, too." In fact he didn't refrain. All the rest of his associates on the old County ticket feel, however, that they would like to try the thing again. At least I hear so. Gossip has it that Arthur Brown, who seems to have come out of the police investigation better than anyone else, will make a hot canvass for County Sheriff, a position which would give him immediate command of the cops. Rawlins wouldn't mind being County Attorney, if a judgeship eludes him and Harry Murray would like to be County Clerk. But as for Jack's place, it may be put up at a Church fair raffle for all he cares, blankety blank it, sir. He for the saw-mill.

When Curtis Iaukea goes to Washington to show up the methods of the local Republican party he will get just about as much notice as Sunda Kistanjee did when he went to London to complain of the conduct of the prisons on the Andaman islands. Hawaii and its trifling political woes do not interest Congress much; and the present body has so many new men that Iaukea is likely to run against whole bunches of them that call this place Haywayia and are not sure whether it belongs to Great Britain or is ruled by Hoky-Poky-Winky-Wum, whom they have understood to be the King of the Cannibal Islands.

COMMERCIAL NEWS

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

It has been an active week in stocks, Kihel leading with 500 shares at \$13 and closing with that figure bid. Ewa has stiffened up and a bid for a block at \$26 1/2 was made on the board. One reason given is that with the high price of sugar Ewa's profits will be very large, which, in addition to the prospective wiping out of the remaining \$100,000 of bonded indebtedness, is likely to have the result of increased dividends. Some anticipate that Ewa will go to \$35, while the more conservative set the limit at \$30 but say it will reach that point within a few days. One large handler of Ewa says, however, that there will be a good many sales at \$28 before it goes higher. There is a strong demand for most stocks. Oahu is still selling at par. Pioneer is strong at \$125, Oloa weak at \$5. McBryde is \$5.50 bid with none offered. Honokaa is at par. Kahuku has fallen back to \$25. Hawaiian Sugar is bracing up, \$32 being bid on 'change. There are inquiries for large blocks, but not a great deal of the stock is offering. Splendid prospects for next year stimulate the demand. Although Waialua has declined, the fact is not regarded as significant. The opinion is heard that if a large block of Waialua were sought it would be impossible to get it at anything like present quotations.

The San Francisco market is active, the latest advices being of a public demand for Hawaiian stocks. There are no late quotations, but requests have been received from San Francisco that certain stocks be not sold here for less than figures given, which are considerably above current rates. A cablegram received from E. Pollitz & Co. by Henry Waterhouse Trust Co. yesterday stated that raw sugar sold in New York at 4 7/8c. The Planters' Association was advised by Williams, Dimond & Co. that 88 deg. analysis beets were 14s. 4 1/2d., which is a decline of 1 1/2d., no doubt from a speculative flurry.

STRONG BOND MARKET.

Robert W. Shingle of Henry Waterhouse Trust Co., Ltd., said yesterday: "Money seems to be much easier since November 15 than it has been for some time past, resulting in quite an impetus to the bond market. Hawaii Sugar, Pioneer, Haiku, Paia and Oahu 6's and Hawaiian Government 5's cannot be obtained any more at par. So far as Hawaiian Government is concerned, the \$845,000 outstanding are held by two or three parties and are not for sale, being practically out of the market. Haiku, Paia, Hawaiian Sugar and Pioneer are held for 102. Rapid Transit treasury bonds have all been taken up and are held by San Francisco parties at 105, clearing the market of these bonds. A bid of 105 has been made for them, but they are not obtainable. O. R. & L. Co. bonds have weakened by half a point, several small blocks being offered as low as 104. Waialua bonds are offered at par with 99 bid. Oloa, Hilo Railroad and McBryde bonds are obtainable below par. With money easier now it would seem that bond prices are stiffening. An increased relaxation of money certain to ensue when the returns from the higher sugar market begin to come, not later than March, gives promise that bonds will strengthen."

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... SMALL TALKS ...

BY SOL N. SHERIDAN.

The coming of the Petrel to Honolulu recalls to me an incident that occurred in the town of Hilo away back in the January of 1897. Never mind what I was doing in Hilo. The Petrel was there also, in the harbor that is to say. And so I was in good company, for I went into the harbor myself, odd times. I remember the morning the Petrel rounded the point and steamed slowly into the shelter of the Reef, and what an excitement the arrival caused in the little village that was a great deal sleepier than it is now.

The Petrel had not then received her bath in fire and glory, but she was an American war ship, and the arrival of an American war ship was almost epochal in Hilo. Hawaii, you know, was not American in 1897, although it wanted to be.

Of course there was hurrying 'n' hot haste in small officialdom, and of course the American consul landed right in the middle of old Fame's back with both feet when a naval officer in gold lace, belted, his sword of ceremony at his side and wearing a cocked hat came ashore and asked his way to the tree embowered cottage where the majesty of the consulate was housed.

As an American, although a very plain one, I caught a small reflected ray of the glory myself, and was rowed out to the ship in a shore boat to pay my respects to the commander. Captain Woods received me in his cabin. We talked of many things—but mostly, as I remember, of the possibility of war with Spain. Long before the Maine was blown up, it will be remembered, Americans talked of the possibility of war with Spain. It was a subject that ran strongly in the minds of naval men, who realized that the brunt of the fighting would fall upon them when the war finally came. Let the splendid preparedness of the navy for that war, as shown by results, prove that they did more than talk.

Captain Woods lamented that he had been ordered to the China station, in view of the chance of war. "Of course," he said, "the theater of the war will be in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, centering about Cuba, and the fellows of the Atlantic squadron will get the fun and the glory. We will just be buried on the Chinese Coast for three years, chasing pirates up little, stinking, muddy rivers, I suppose. It is pretty hard luck."

Captain Woods sailed away, and the light of glory shone around the Petrel, peculiarly, of all Dewey's glorious fleet. The whole world knows that tale. And Captain Woods, poor fellow, found fun, and fighting—and, at the last, death. He died at his post of duty.

"Rubber!" said Governor Carter to me as I stuck my head into the executive room at the Capitol the other day. And that was not to indulge in the slang of the day. The Governor is not given to frivolous indulgence in slang during business hours—nor, for the matter of that, during any other hours. The Governor is a man of serious mind, having the saving sense of humor, with his mind seriously set upon the solution of grave problems.

"Rubber!" Why, rubber is one of the most valuable products nature gives to man. I believe, from what I saw on Maui the other day, that we have here soil and climate adapted to the growth of the rubber tree. And, if we have, there is in that fact the richest promise for the future of the Hawaiian Islands. The one rubber tree on Maui was set out some six years ago. It has attained a splendid growth, as all trees do that thrive here at all, and I believe has been tapped and found to produce a satisfactory quantity of sap of a satisfactory quality. But that is not all. Under the rubber tree, and close to it, I saw coming up thickly a crop of young trees grown from seed cast by the parent. Every old timer who has seen how the algaroba tree has spread over the group, will appreciate the meaning of this. No more valuable gift was ever made to any country than was given unconsciously when the first algaroba tree was planted on Oahu. The algaroba is self-seeding. If the rubber is also, a vista of golden wealth opens before the owner of every acre of forest lands in these islands.

"S' great game, sure!" mumbled Ralph Johnson, of the Punahous, holding his head gracefully on one side, and speaking through a mouth that opened endwise, like the mouth of a skate fish. He was sucking up a plate of thin soup through a straw, which was all the dinner he seemed to want after helping his eleven to win their great victory over the H. A. C. football team. "S' great game! Still, maybe it is a thought strenuous. For instance, the rules might be amended so as to make it discourteous for a husky guy to walk on your face, same as it is in polite society generally. Look at 'Fish' Alexander! He'd be a lot prettier for a rule like that. And maybe I could eat my dinner with some comfort myself without getting a doctor to perform tracheotomy on me."

And that is as may be. Things have been doing or, rather, things have not been doing in Honolulu since High Sheriff Henry began the enforcement of the Sunday law. But Hilo! Hilo is different.

Said High Sheriff Henry, "I'll clean this town. From the top of Tantalus, right straight down; I'll herd out the goats from the sheep," said he. "And all shall the Sabbath day keep, you see. Oahu and Maui and Molokai—I'll make them be good even on Kauai; But Hilo! Ah, well, 'tis a sad, bad lot, 'And though the law's terrors be sharp and hot 'I hold a grave fear that the town will be 'Too sinful for any old Blue Law—and me."

I saw a lot of Filipinos, passengers for Manila on the transport Logan, on (Continued on page 9.)